

were put up, which the simple native liked so well that he took them home to use in his business. The Negus stopped this amusement by proclaiming death to the pole pillars. But his royal mandate cannot prevent the Bandarlog, the monkey people, from swinging in the wires or—what is much more delightful—the elephant from scratching himself against the poles. The telephone pole is a scratching post for elephants. Thus does civilization provide home comforts for the jungle people.—Everybody's Magazine.

New Dangers for Drinkers

Sound prudential reasons for total abstinence from liquors multiply all the time. Two new ones have recently come to our notice. Prominent physicians of Chicago and Montreal call attention to the fact that since a successful process for deodorizing wood alcohol has been discovered, it has become common to use that instead of grain alcohol in making up drinks sold at public bars. The drinking man can no longer be sure that he is not taking wood alcohol in any intoxicant in which he may indulge. And bad as are the effects of grain alcohol, its still baser cousin is far more to be feared. Even in small quantities wood alcohol affects the eyesight, and a very few drinks of it suffice to cause complete and incurable blindness. Any considerable quantity of the stuff occasions quickly fatal poisoning. The other good new temperance argument comes from the business world. A long computation by insurance actuaries of the extra risks involved in insuring moderate drinkers, has lately been brought to a head, and the results figured out are clinching proof that abstinence prolongs life. In an equal number of abstainers and moderate drinkers whose lives were watched through a period of twenty-six years, there were 57,891 deaths of drinkers as against only 47,956 deaths of abstainers. That is, taking all ages together abstinence gives at least twenty per cent better chance of life. But excellent as this advantage is at any time of life, it is astonishingly higher still at a man's prime. According to those scientifically calculated ratios a man between the ages of forty and fifty has seventy-four per cent better chance of surviving if he does not drink at all. Between thirty and forty his advantage in the expectancy of life is sixty-eight per cent. It seems plain that new "expectancy tables" must be constructed as the result of these investigations, and on faith of them a "teetotaler" can rightfully demand a lower insurance rate than the actuaries could afford to allow to drinkers.

Be Joyous,

Of course this is a wicked old world, a troubled old world, and always will be, but in it there is more unhappiness than there need be, more joylessness; such stupid, lazy unhappiness and joylessness. If people would only open their eyes, cultivate their senses, use the gifts at hand, instead of reining, envying, sleeping life away.

Are you rich and careworn? Well, that is too bad, and no light trouble either; but you can help yourself. Each day take, by fair means or foul, an hour or two to yourself. Get away somewhere, go from under the roof that covers your velvet, silken, glass and silver responsibilities; away from guests, from children, from governess, from butler, and maid, from dressmaker and shopman, from all the cares wealth piles on your back. And when you go, go on foot, leave behind coachman and horses. Be free as the barefoot girl at the seaside, the bare foot boy in

the country lane. Walk, walk, walk, miles up and down. If it be "singing weather" find some secluded spot on soft, green grass or warm sands by the water, lie flat on your back, stretch out to your full extent, and take in long deep breaths. Virtue will enter into you from mother earth. Your tingling nerves will gradually quiet down; little by little the lines on your face soften, and by and by your whole being will relax and mayhap you will fall asleep in the sun. If so, no harm need come to you; if you have left your guards at home, the birds above will probably talk over you softly, laugh at your tired face and congratulate themselves that they don't have such a hard time getting that way; but you won't understand them, and their chatter will be but part of your dream. And by and by you will go home a rested, better, tender, kinder, wiser woman.—The Pilgrim.

The Old Skipper's Sermon.

A skipper who had lost his position on a fishing boat because he would not fish on Sunday was placed in charge of a small smack hired by a few benevolent men in London, who charged him to catch more fish in six days than the other men in seven, and to preach the Gospel as he went. Dr. Grenfell, the missionary to the Labrador fishermen, told the story on his recent visit to Boston.

When he arrived at the fishing grounds he was boarded by the skippers of four other vessels, one of them being the "admiral" of the fishing fleet, who knew the character of his new enterprise, and came prepared to despise it.

"Not this 'ere cant but more whiskey is what we wants," they said.

The skipper of the mission ship had been sent on a hard enterprise. He believed himself able to catch more fish in six days than other skippers in seven, but the matter of preaching was what appalled him. However, he prepared to carry out the agreement and to lose no time, but preach to these his first visitors.

There was no grog on board, but the best pot of tea the old man could brew was hot in the cozy cabin, and four warm mufflers were laid out. These the skipper handed to his visitors. "Look yere," he said, and this was the introduction to his sermon, "do y' see them 'ere mufflers?"

They saw them, felt them, and knew they were warm and good.

"What do they cost, Bill?" asked the admiral.

"I'll give 'em to ye on one condition," said the preacher progressing with his sermon.

"What's that?" asked the admiral, cautiously.

"That you'll admit there's love in 'em; for the ladies as knit 'em must 'ave loved ye, though ye never seed 'em."

"That's right," assented the audience.

"Well, then, take 'em. There they are," and so the sermon concluded.

The four men wrapped themselves in the mufflers and spoke their thanks. But as they were leaving Bill added his benediction: "Ow much more must Jesus 'ave loved yer, when 'e gave 'imself for yer!"

Dr. Grenfell adds that this proved a most effective sermon, for three men out of the four resolved to return that love. The admiral "became an effective missionary among his admiring followers," and the skipper more than made his seven days' work in six, and preached his sermon many times.—Youth's Companion.

She Took the Hint.

At the "home stations" of the British army the private soldier's washing is usually done by the married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and make other repairs, says Tit-Bits, for which a small sum is deducted from the private's pay.

Pat McGinnis had had a good deal of trouble with his laundress. Sabbath after Sabbath had his shirt come back with the neck button lacking or only hanging by a thread. He had spoken about the matter and the woman had promised to see to it, but still the button was not properly fixed.

He got out of patience one day when the missing button had made him late for parade. "Bother the woman?" he said. "I'll see if I can't give her a hint this time, anyhow."

Taking the lid of a tin blacking-can, about three inches in diameter, he punched two holes in it and sewed it on the neck of the shirt next to be washed. When his washing came back he found that she had taken the hint—or part of it. She had made a buttonhole to fit the lid.—Selected.

Today.

Today is mine; I hold it fast,
Hold it and use it as I may,
Unmindful of the shadow cast
By that dim thing called yesterday.

Two Inscriptions.

It is said that there stands a granite shaft on the western boundary of Russia which bears two inscriptions that tell the story of Napoleon's expedition to Moscow, the most disastrous in the annals of war, as fully as a volume could tell it.

The one on the western side of the shaft is "Napoleon Bonaparte passed this way in 1812 with 410,000 men," and the one on east side is, "Napoleon Bonaparte passed this way in 1812 with 9,000 men." Present indications are that the time may come in Russian history when a shaft bearing like inscriptions can be appropriately placed on her eastern border line with the name of the great Russian general in place of that of Napoleon.—The Christian Conservator.

We ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others. There is no doubt some selfish satisfaction in yielding to melancholy; in brooding over grievances, especially if more or less imaginary; in fancying that we are victims of fate. To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort; there is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy; in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.—Sir John Lubbock.

Canada's Health Resort.

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